Her Father's Bones

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Her Father's Bones

by havoc_art

Summary

Abigail Hobbs is just trying to stay alive.
And if that means luring girls who look just like her and tricking them into committing the sin of witchcraft so her father, Salem's priest, can kill them, so be it. But when Abigail picks up real spells on the side and ends up summoning the demon Hannibal, she sees a way out. Hannibal will help her escape her father...for a price. And until it's paid, he'll keep killing villagers, whipping the town up into a suspicious frenzy. The price? Help him disguise as a human and seduce the priest-in-training Will Graham.
But soon the three of them are caught in a net of more tangled than any of them anticipated.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter One

Abigail

Elise Nichols didn't scream as she burned. Most had, pleading and reaching out for their parents, Father Hobbs, anyone. But Goody Nichols just stared at Abigail with betrayed tears in her eyes. Abigail slid slightly behind her father as if his holy robes could shield her from the dying woman's stare.
"Father, she will give me away like this."
"Be still," Father Hobbs murmured. He always watched the burnings with a strange intensity in his eyes, a dark love that frightened her. "They will see her watching me, not you." Abigail said no more, but a chill persisted on her spine long after Elise's body succumbed to the flames. As her bones turned to ash, Father Hobbs stepped out in front of the crowd of villagers. "I have warned you all countless times before! This is the third witch we've discovered among our ranks, but I swear to you, as long as you allow yourselves to wallow in wickedness and sin, we will never be rid of them!"
Abigail wanted to scream back at him, demand to know why he forced his own daughter to do exactly what he warned the villagers against. But of course, she knew why. She'd rather live in mud than let her father toss her into flames.
"Purify yourselves! Bare yourselves to the Lord and let his cleansing light burn the devil out of you, lest ye find yourselves in the fires of both Earth and Hell!" Father was engrossed by his own words, his pupils dark and glossy with fervor. "Will you let the devil take your daughters on his wild hunt, leave them to become lost harlots?" The crowd jeered and raised their torches, working themselves into a frenzy. "Will you let him take your sons and fill them with hatred, twist them into murderers?"
Goodman Chilton shouted "Never!" and stepped forward, knocking Abigail back into the mob.
"Then let me be your vessel of righteousness! Follow my council, and we will see every wicked thing burn!"
The mob was moving like a wave now, letting Father Hobbs lead them back to the church for, no doubt, another hour of zealous affirmations. Abigail slipped away from the crowd behind a home's wall, waiting to emerge until she heard the chapel door slam shut. Her father varied the kind of distraction he used to get the crowd away from the aftermath of the burnings, but the sermons seemed to work best.
Abigail was left behind to 'clean up', as he called it. She heard his voice in her head as she picked out the still-warm bones from the coals and put them in a leather bag. Only her soul is cleansed in the fire, Abigail. We still have to honor every part of her earthly body. She scooped up piles of ash for the second bag she carried beneath her skirts. Otherwise, this all means nothing.
Otherwise, it's just murder.
The ash would fertilize their garden, or be made into ink-thinner. The blood and hair Father took during the witch tests would enrich their food or stuff their pillows. Most of the bones would be made into knife handles or silverware, but a select few stayed with Abigail, to expand her set of tools.
That reminded her, it was a full moon tonight. She looked up to see dusk falling. There was

work to be done.
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"Why, Goody Hobbs. What a surprise to see you here this late. Is there something I can help you with?" Goody Boyle peeked out the door to scan the street, probably looking for her father.
Abigail smiled brightly, as she'd been taught to do. "I do apologize for the hour, ma'am. Father is working late at the chapel and doesn't wish for me to remain in our home alone through the night." She leaned in conspiratorially. "What with the devil's moon rising tonight and all. He thought I'd be safe for certain at such an upstanding and righteous home." Abigail immediately thought that had been too much, but Goody Boyle only blushed and brought a hand to her chest.
"Well of course you may stay the night. It'd hardly be right to leave Father Hobbs' daughter standing on the street like some vagabond. Come in, come in!" She led Abigail through the modest home into the living room lit by a dying fireplace. "My daughter, Cassandra," Goody Boyle said, pointing out the girl sewing in the corner. "Cassandra, this is Goody Hobbs. You remember, the priest's daughter?"
Abigail could almost hear Goody Boyle's intent behind the words. Become close to her. Put us in good standing with the man who controls all our lives. If only she knew what Abigail was truly there to do.
"I'll be at the stove if you require anything." Goody Boyle left the room, but Abigail waited until she heard the sounds of pots before speaking to Cassandra.
"Do you spend many nights wasting away like this? Just sewing and darning?"
Cassandra looked up, dark circles almost consuming her eyes. Eyes the same shade as Abigail's…Stay focused. "Don't you?"
She shrugged. "Some." Abigail lifted her bag of bones, letting it clatter. "But sometimes, I play games."
"Games are frivolous, a waste of time. Everybody knows this." Cassandra tried to scowl, but her eyes glinted at the possibility of something new.
Abigail shrugged. "To each their own." She took a spot on the threadbare rug and began to fiddle with the bag. She wasn't doing a proper reading, not yet, but she knew how to make the bones fall in captivating patterns, how to look at them like they held the secrets of the world. It didn't take long for Cassandra to take the bait. She set down her needlework and sat on the floor in front of Abigail.
"This game…it's pure, isn't it? It's not gambling or magic or any other wickedness?"
"My father taught it to me, Cassie, do you honestly think it's of the devil?" Abigail said, running a finger along Elise Nichols' charred rib. Cassandra still looked nervous. "Unless, of course, you'd like me to tell your mother you think Father Hobbs' is spreading evi—"
"Oh, be still, Abigail. One can never be too careful these days. My brother is furious if I so much as seem tired in church." Cassie went quiet, looking into the fire. "I knew Elise. Quite well. She was the kindest soul I'd ever known. If she was a witch, she was either a liar on par with the devil, or possessed by some mad spirit."
The two nearly identical girls sat staring into the coals. I could tell her, maybe, Abigail thought. If I find a way out of all this madness before it grows worse, my life might not be forfeit.
The silence was broken by Goody Boyle calling from the kitchen. "Are you enjoying yourself, Abigail?"
Cassie rolled her eyes. "I'm fine as well, Mother!" She stood and reached a hand to Abigail.

“Come, my room will be quieter. You can teach me your game.”
*****
“That sounds like seeing the future. That’s witchcraft, Abigail!” Cassandra had balked after the game had been explained to her, but so had Nichols, Woodward, and Anderson.
Abigail laughed brightly. “Witchcraft? Honestly, Cassie. Next, you’d say that playing fetch with a hound is a satanic ritual. It’s a game, nothing more. Besides, I’ve seen how you eye Goodman Chilton’s son. Let’s see if he’ll court you.” Before Cassandra could object, Abigail lifted the bag high and turned it over, letting the bones empty onto the wooden floor. “Mmm, this is promising, Cassie.”
“Really? What do they say?”
Abigail pointed at a femur with a charcoal dot marked on one side. “He fancies you for certain.” She scanned the scattered bones and spotted a rib that had landed crossing the femur. “But he’s fickle and will move on soon if he believes you aren’t interested.” Abigail picked up a finger bone that had landed far away from all the others. “If you take action, I see many happy years together.”
Cassandra sighed dreamily. “How do you know all that from a simple set of sow bones?” Not sow bones.
“It’s quite easy to read them once you know the rules,” Abigail said, shrugging. “I could teach you, if you’d like.”
She hesitated, but finally gave in. “Very well. It’s only a game, after all.”

After Cassie was asleep, the bag of dead-girl bones slumped on her nightstand, Abigail went to the window and stared at the moon. She felt a thrumming in her blood, the same strange song that passed just beyond her senses whenever she threw the bones, or set up a spell to trap someone in. But it seemed stronger under the moonlight, so Abigail lit a candle and wished.
Please, let this be the last time. Please, no more.
Please, stop my father.

Will

Father Hobbs was the only reason Will was alive. The only reason Will’s sight was seen by the town as a gift from God rather than dark magic. It was because of his strange gift, the ability to rewind time in his mind and know what happened, the way he could place himself in anybody’s life and see how they truly felt, that he knew Father Hobbs was a liar. The priest was not a zealot eager to see wickedness removed from the earth, he was merely an excellent actor. He was not filled with religious fervor, he was filled with overflowing, all-consuming love for his daughter. A love twisted and tainted by the man’s own darkness, making him capable of murder rather than miracles.
But Hobbs had saved Will’s life, and exposing the priest’s darkness would mean eventually facing his own.
So Will remained quiet and diligent, living a life free from stress and joy in the chapel’s living quarters. He ignored the ‘witches’ dying all around him and tried not to look at Father Hobbs’ daughter lest he see the depth of her agony. One day, Hobbs would die, and Will would take his place, finally able to make repairs. He’d convinced himself of that future, he could live with that. Even though Will’s own sense of justice wanted to see Hobbs hang, he could wait. He had to wait.
But when Goodman Chilton came rushing to the chapel door in a panic ranting about some

body in the woods, and Father Hobbs was nowhere to be found, Will didn't have the patience to wait for him to get back.
This time, he didn't want to wait.
Will threw on his cloak and lit a torch. "Show me."
"Oh, it's horrid, Brother Graham. Some poor lad in the woods." Chilton stopped walking and leaned in close to Will, clearly trying to look impressive. "In this humble doctor's opinion, it was the witch!"
"Oh, was it now?" Will said dryly, the dirt path below him slowly becoming covered with leaves as they went deeper into the woods.
"Elise Nichols didn't die peacefully. I've no doubt she put a curse on our fair town, and her spirit won't rest until she can drag every righteous man down to the grave with her."
Will let Goodman Chilton keep rambling, but grew more on edge the deeper into the forest they went. The hairs on the back of his neck started to rise, and when he took a deep breath to calm himself he only smelled one thing.
Blood.
And lots of it.
Too much for an animal attack, or even for a chance encounter with a highwayman. Will stopped walking and Goodman Chilton went quiet as they reached the body. If you could call it that anymore. Three of his limbs were torn off and strewn amongst the blood-covered bushes, enormous claw marks raked up and down the torso. The drenched shrubbery looked black in the moonlight. The goodman's head, however, was completely clean of gore—if you ignored the fact it was separated from his neck. It had been placed gently in a ring of wildflowers.
Will closed his eyes, letting a golden pendulum sweep over his sight and undo the exquisite violence before him. The blood unspilled, limbs unsevered, a heart started to beat again. He opened his eyes and found himself crouched in the bushes, watching who he now knew was Eliot Stammats. He spoke without regard to the present or Goodman Chilton, letting truth be pulled from the past and through his lips.
"I did not choose Goodman Stammats' death. He did. The moment he entered my woods, his fate was sealed." Will stood and swiftly wrapped his arm around Stammats' neck. "I take my time, not yet having decided how I will kill him. It doesn't matter to me. He is just a channel for my fury, for my power that I can barely access."
Goodman Stammat threw him off and started to scream, so Will ripped off his arm. How? He looked down to see massive claws on his hands. "I dismember Eliot piece by piece, curious to see how much red I can wring from his body. I treat his head with care, a mockery of whatever intelligence he thought he had."
Will stands over the scattered corpse and sees his shadow in the moonlight, huge antlers sprouting from his head.
"This is my design."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Two

Abigail

The only story on anyone's tongue at mass that week was the murder of Goodman Stammats. Abigail watched from the hard pew as her father's calm expression wavered more and more throughout his sermon. The stale chapel air that usually held only the sound of his strong voice was choked with whispers.

Finally, Father Hobbs sighed and raised his hands for silence. "I know you are all scared. What is it you wish to know about the untimely departure of Goodman Stammats? Come, my brothers, let us find answers."

Goodman Hollice stood, holding his hat in his hands. "Please, Father, what exactly happened to him? That mess in the woods…" He shuddered. "I've never seen anything like it."

Father Hobbs waved for Will to come forward from his place standing behind, and Abigail started to pay more attention. She didn't know the assistant priest, but often he would look at her as if he was apologizing for something. As if he knew something.

"Brother Graham's gift has allowed us to see with divine eyes to the truth of this grave matter." Father Hobbs placed his hand on Will's back, and he flinched just slightly. "Please, tell us what heaven has revealed to you."

But the murmurs in the crowd only increased. Rumors surrounding Brother Graham's 'gift' were varied and none were benevolent.

Will stared down at the pulpit as he spoke, sweat trickling down his forehead. "Stammats was killed by, uh, by something I have never seen before. Something powerful and very angry. It was not a man, but neither a beast—"

He tried to continue, but that last statement was too much for the congregation. Abigail shrunk down in her seat and tried to breathe evenly as the chapel erupted into shouting and more questions.

"Well then what the devil was it?"

"...not safe in our own town anymore!"

"We're expected to believe him?"

"...all because of those damned witches."

The last comment came from Goodman Chilton, and while the doctor was usually dismissed by most, Abigail watched her father perk up at those words. The same dark light that had been in his eyes when Elise Nichols burned began to flicker alive once more.

"My good people!" Father Hobbs shouted, raising his arms to his sides. "Do you not understand what has happened?" The chapel went quiet, eager for reassurance. "I should have anticipated this," he continued, shaking his head. "Had I, Goodman Stammats might still be with us."

Abigail's throat grew tighter. She did not know where he was going to take this.

"It seems obvious now, the threads of evil in this town are too many to be singular. The three witches we have rid ourselves of were not working alone. They were part of a coven!"

No, no, no, no.

“And I believe that before they died, they used their unholy powers to do something unspeakable. To summon a being powerful and angry into our fair village. Something not man, nor beast.” The townsfolk were on the edges of their seats, leaning into Father Hobbs’ whispered words. “A demon.”
The whispers broke out again, but before he lost control of the crowd once more, Father Hobbs declared, “It would take many more witches than a mere group of three to summon such a foul thing! The coven is still among our ranks, and it! Is! Growing! We have to root them out now, before we all share Goodman Stammats’ fate.” The noise of the crowd was overwhelming, Abigail’s head was pounding as if underwater.
It’s never going to end.

*****
Abigail laid her head against the cool stone of the chapel’s outer wall, gasping in fresh air. What was her father thinking? Was one girl at a time not enough for him anymore? She scrambled her fingers through the dirt, squeezing sharp rocks into her hand in an effort to stay conscious. There were only so many women left who looked like her. If they were all burned together as a coven, her father would have no choice but to…
No. I’ll talk to him, ask him to select a few random people to mix in. Father will listen to me. Father loves me.
“Ah, found you.” Cassandra walked around the corner of the chapel and settled down, oblivious to the turmoil inside Abigail’s mind. “I cannot fault you for hiding out here, it seems the entire world has gone mad.”
“Yes, indeed.” Abigail knew this part of the script all too well, and her insides started to squirm. She did not want to do this again, not now. Cassie seemed far too innocent for what was about to happen to her. But what alternative did she have?
Cassandra leaned in and smiled. “You were right, though. Patrick does fancy me, I ran into him on my way out the door and he stumbled over his words almost as much as his feet.”
Baited.
“But it seems his mother is trying to push him towards Goody Olsen’s daughter. Surely you’ve seen them, they’re together all the time.”
Hooked.
“Abigail…you don’t happen to know a way to keep him interested in me, do you? Something…” Her voice dropped to a whisper. “Something like the bones?”
Gutted.
Abigail stood and tried to look horrified. It wasn’t difficult. “Cassandra! Honestly, after all that talk of covens and devils? Do you want to hang?”
“What? But you said…it was just a game, wasn’t it, Abigail?”
“The bones were.” She looked over her shoulder. “But anything more would be dangerous, and I haven’t the slightest idea where to get roses this time of year—” Abigail gasped and raised her hand to her mouth as if she’d said too much.
“You do know how!” Cassie stood. “Please, Abigail, it can’t be any harm—”
“I have to go. I advise you to do the same.”

Will

Welcoming the new watchman should have been Father Hobbs’ responsibility. Now was the time of day when Will should have been free to wade into the stream behind the chapel and fish until all thoughts drained from his mind. But instead, he was buttoned into his stiff

cassock and collar, waiting for a horse to arrive from heaven-knows-where.
Still, he was thankful a watchman was coming at all. It would do the town good to have some form of authority other than the church. Father Hobbs' was getting entirely too good at whipping the townsfolk up into a mob with just a few words.
After what seemed like days in the freezing November air, a rider appeared on the edge of town, burdened down with packs. The man certainly seemed dressed the part.
"Jack Crawford," he said, shaking Will's hand firmly after dismounting. "I was told I was expected."
"Will Graham, apprentice to Father Hobbs, who sends his regrets that he could not meet you himself. Unfortunately, he's officiating a funeral at the moment."
"Oh? He did mention a death in his letter."
Will handed off Crawford's horse to a ranch hand. "Board him at Goodman Ingram's stable, please." He started walking again, leading Crawford to the chapel. "Yes. A man named Goodman Stammats was murdered. Mangled. Father Hobbs has the entire town convinced the deed was done by a coven of demon-summoning witches."
"But you believe otherwise? Are you not a priest?"
"There are evil and dark things in this world, Goodman Crawford. But most reside in men's hearts, not hell." Will paused, going back over what he saw in his vision. Obsidian claws. Limbs longer than any man's. Dark branching antlers. "Even so, there was something… uncanny about the murder."
Crawford took off his gloves as they entered the chapel's meager living quarters. "Well. I will strive to help you uncover the truth. However uncanny it may be."

Abigail

Throughout the entire funeral, Abigail could feel Cassandra's eyes boring into the back of her skull. The huddled mass of black-cloaked mourners leaned ever closer to the grave, trying and failing to covertly catch another glimpse of Goodman Stammat's carved corpse. But Cassie's vision never wavered from Abigail, who was overcome with a fit of sudden anger for the other girl. It was so easy. They always made it so easy!
As the ceremony ended, Abigail's father clasped a hand on her shoulder, pride shining in his eyes. "I want to test her by the end of the week," he whispered to her. "She will lead us to the rest of the coven."
At times, Abigail thought he was starting to believe his own lies, swallowing the delusions he so easily fed to the townsfolk. "Yes, Father," she murmured.
"We are so close, my darling girl. Soon it will all be over."
And I will be dead.
The crowd began to disperse, and she shuffled amongst them, looking down but knowing exactly where her feet were leading her. Abigail edged closer and closer to Cassandra Boyle, and when the crowd was nearing the forest on their way back to the town proper, she felt a hand grab her arm and drag her into the trees.
"Cassie! What are you doing?" Cassandra shushed her and led her deeper into the woods.
Abigail let out one more half-hearted protest. "Did you forget a man was murdered here not two night ago?
"Abigail, please," Cassie said once they were hidden. "You know how to keep him close to me. I'm begging."
Abigail tucked her hair back into her bonnet, pretending to consider. "Cassandra," she said finally, shaking her head. "If anyone finds out, we will be tried as witches."

“Then we make sure they don’t find out. Honestly, even if we did, it’s not as if we are the ones responsible for the demon.”
“Fine. Father will be at the chapel late tonight, talking to that new watchman. Come to our house after sundown, and I will do what I can. But no more than that.”
Cassie took Abigail’s hands in hers. “Oh, thank you, thank you, Abigail!”
You will regret thanking me soon enough, Abigail thought.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the delay in posting chapter two, I don't have a set posting schedule yet but I'm going to do my best to post at least once a month. Thank you to my amazing beta JuiceGremlin!
As always, I'm super grateful for everyone who read, commented, and left kudos on chapter one, you're fantastic.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Abigail

“Wrap the sachet tight, and place it somewhere connected to him.” Abigail demonstrated, looping the black cord around the bundle of rose petals. “Preferably under his pillow, but outside his window sill or even under his porch will suffice.”
Cassandra gingerly picked up the charm, staring at it in fascination. “Where did you learn to do this, Abigail? It’s wondrous.”
“Do you remember Widow Katz?” Abigail pulled the fragile grimoire from the shelf, placing it open on the kitchen table to the page detailing what the two girls had just done. “When she passed on and Father visited her house, he found evidence of witchcraft. I was only a child, but over the years he’s carefully sorted through this book, marking which of her spells were truly evil and which were…relatively harmless. This is where the bone-telling game comes from.”
Cassie ran her finger down the yellowed page. “This says our spell is fairly weak. Do you have nothing more potent?” She kept scanning. “What about this love ritual?”
Abigail shushed her. “Do you see that mark there?” She gestured to the initials next to the ritual; GJH. “My father has deemed it true witchcraft. True evil. We cannot.”
“But it seems so simplistic. These materials are commonplace, how dangerous could it be?”
Abigail knew exactly how dangerous, how powerful, the ritual was. Indeed, the plan was to perform it as soon as Cassandra left to undo any effects the sachet may have on Goodman Chilton’s son. “Cassie,” she whispered in a low, urgent voice. “Please, I have done all I can. Speak no more of this.” She replaced the grimoire on the shelf, taking care to do so within Cassandra’s sight.
Cassandra sighed. “Very well. I do thank you, Abigail. If you have a need for anything, do not hesitate to call upon myself or my family.”
“Of course.” Abigail walked her to the door. “God be with you.”
“And with you.”
Abigail closed the wooden door and laid her forehead against it, squeezing her eyes tight. It was happening so fast this time around. She only allowed herself a few moments to regain her composure before gathering up the materials for the ritual. As Cassandra had said, it was mostly commonplace items. Candles, certain herbs taken from the kitchen, clean water Abigail had left outside during the last full moon.
She lit the candles and built her circle carefully, allowing her mind to clear. Though she knew this was the darkest of sins, Abigail found comfort in her work. Thoughts of her father, the web she was tangled in, Cassandra, they all drained away as she wrote Frederick Chilton Jr’s name on a piece of paper three times and crossed it with the name of a village girl she’d chosen at random.
Abigail rubbed the paper with honey, roses, and cinnamon, then burned it over a red candle. Something intangible and powerful passed just beyond her senses, filling up then overflowing from her body and into the spell.
When the work was complete, Abigail tried to ground herself and let the wellspring of energy

drain from her body as she usually did, but something was different. Something was wrong. The candles blew out in an unseen wind. Abigail tried to move, but the power inside her body had turned against her, holding her fast in a tight grip. A presence crept into the room around her, curious.
And angry.
It carried a beautiful anger so powerful, Abigail could feel the temperature in the house rising. The shadows seemed to encroach upon her, tightening her bonds further as the presence crawled closer to her. Abigail shut her eyes and waited. If she was to die, at least it was not at her father's hands.
The creature's thoughts entered hers, but it was not the wrathful chaos Abigail imagined it to be. Polite and concise, the impressions it left within her head were those only of greeting and invitation.
Quick as it had come, the presence vanished from the house. The candles relit themselves and cool air entered Abigail's lungs through her gasping breaths.
It wanted to be found.
It wanted Abigail's help.
And it had sworn to help her in return.

Will

The real reason for Goodman Crawford's visit had become quite clear. The man didn't believe Father Hobbs' claims of a demon or a coven of witches. Neither did he care much for the problem of solving Goodman Stammat's murder.
He wanted Will.
"Your gifts are wasted in the clergy, Goodman Graham," he said repeatedly throughout the day. "My group of watchmen would be grateful to have your talents on their side."
"Those gifts came from God, Goodman Crawford," Father Hobbs reminded the both of them. "What better way to repay Him than by using them in His service?"
Will just wanted to return to his chambers. "Father Hobbs and the church saved my life and my good standing in the village," he murmured, avoiding eye contact with the both of them. "I have no desire to spend the rest of my days collecting the sight of more nightmarish deaths, but your offer is appreciated, Goodman Crawford."
Little progress was made throughout the day. None of the villagers had seen anything of the murder until the body was discovered by Goodman Chilton, who spent too much time trying to convince the three of them to let him be a part of the investigation to be of any assistance. Father Hobbs was adamant that Will's vision meant a demon was present, and Will himself was not sure what he thought about what he had seen. They stayed at the chapel late, recounting the events amongst themselves countless times. Their voices grew louder and sharper as their efforts led to nowhere, until a knock came at the chapel door.
Will took the opportunity to excuse himself from the insufferable duo and opened the wide double doors to see Abigail Hobbs with tears in her eyes. Before he could get a word out, she grasped at his hands.
"Please, Goodman Graham, you must help me."
Crawford and Father Hobbs approached the two of them from behind, and Will noticed Abigail's expression change as they did, though to what he wasn't certain.
"Abigail?" Father Hobbs ushered her inside and into his arms. "Whatever is the matter? Are

you alright?”
Abigail looked around at the three men desperately. “Please, I need help. I cannot sleep at night anymore. A woman stands over me and the devil bids her to scratch at my eyes.”
Father Hobbs straightened. “Goodman Crawford, this is only more proof of what I’ve told you. And now the witches are targeting my own daughter!”
The hairs on the back of Will’s neck slowly raised, and he knew. Father Hobbs was lying, that was nothing new. But his daughter was as well. He had planned this, and was coercing her to go along with it somehow. A deep sense of protection welled up inside Will as he looked at the girl. *What has he done to you?*
Crawford looked torn. “I am a pious man, of course, Father Hobbs. But this all seems very odd to me, I am not cert—”
“Abigail,” Father Hobbs said, leading her to sit down on a pew. “What woman is it? Who do you see?”
She shook her head. “I cannot make out her face. But it is clearer every night.” Her lip trembled. “I am afraid of what will happen when I can see her.”
Father Hobbs stood and went to Jack. “Goodman Crawford, for the sake of my daughter, I beg you. Leave behind your blind reservations. We cannot help Elliot Stamats now. We must dedicate ourselves to finding the coven.”
They fell into conversation, but Will went to stand next to Abigail. “Are you alright?”
She looked up at him, seemingly shocked. “No,” she said slowly. Will couldn’t tell if she was lying or not, which, he supposed, meant neither did she. “I am afraid.”
He tentatively sat next to her, trying to provide what comfort he could. Will turned over in his mind what he knew of Father Hobbs and his daughter, of what he has known for a long time now. *I am a coward,* he decided. “Do not worry,” he murmured to her. “I am going to protect you from now on. I swear it.”
A shriek split the night, followed by rapid banging on the chapel doors.
It seemed the demon had struck again.

Chapter End Notes

My semester ends in just a couple of weeks, so I'm hoping to commit to a more regular posting schedule soon. Thanks again to my fabulous beta reader JuiceGremlin, go check out her stuff, she's really talented. Thank you to everyone reading this! Sending love your way

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> It took a lot longer than I thought it would to get this chapter finished, sorry about that. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will

"This is my design." Will murmured the words and slipped back into reality. It had been strangely comfortable occupying the creature's mind for a second time, a second skin familiar with his already. But now that the vision was over, fear crept its way back into Will's veins.

"Well?" Goodman Crawford asked the question the whole crowd was thinking. "What did you see?"

Father Hobbs stepped forward from the mob, shaking his head up at the blood-covered building. "I never should have allowed things to get this far. I should have realized the strength of the grip the devil has on our fair town sooner."

Will pulled the watchman and the priest aside. He did not want to recount the vision in front of half the town and reinforce the fear Father Hobbs wanted them trapped under. "It has become more powerful since last time." He glanced up at the human legs nailed to the barn door above him, recalling how it felt to tear them off of Jeremiah Price's hips. "Though not as angry. Its mind is becoming clearer, its intellect growing."

Goodman Crawford folded his arms. "I admit, I was skeptical about your claims, Father Hobbs. But if a man of Goodman Graham's talents believes so…'Tis not merely a creature, it has sentience?"

"To a degree. I—" Will closed his eyes, remembering the strange invisible barriers that had surrounded the antlered being. "It has more sentience and strength than any of us know. But it appears unable to access the larger part of that now. It is trapped in a purgatory of sorts. Nevertheless it is…hopeful."

Father Hobbs' eyes narrowed. "Devils are not capable of such holy emotions. They cannot hope, nor change as you suggest."

Will stared at the sham of a priest, the fiery anger in his chest that had ignited at the sight of Abigail's fear in the chapel flaring higher. "In an ideal world, we all have the capacity to change ourselves."

“Do what you need to do, Goodman Crawford,” Father Hobbs said. “The townsfolk will answer your questions now that you speak through my authority. We will reconvene at my home tonight.” The watchman nodded and headed back to the crowd. “I fear I must leave you to your own devices. Abigail and I have planned to go hunting together today.” Father Hobbs turned to leave.

Will could not help himself from calling out after him. “Will that be safe for her?”

The priest turned, his eyes empty. “Do not concern yourself with my daughter, Goodman Graham.” His voice was angrily soft. “For both of your sakes.”

Abigail

A disturbing pattern was beginning to emerge in Abigail’s mind, one that she was endeavoring to ignore. She wished under a full moon for someone to stop her father, and Goodman Stammats was torn to pieces. She performed a ritual that resulted in communication with the entity, and now Goodman Price’s legs had been removed and nailed in a cross position above his barn door.

The only reason her father had started telling the story of a demon was because Goodman Graham had seen…something in the first place, a fact Abigail was trying not to remember. The small consolation she had was that there was nothing about summoning evil beasts in Goody Katz’s book, so there is no plausible way this could be Abigail’s doing. She had no knowledge of such things.

“Your mind is elsewhere, darling.” Her father’s voice came from right next to her ear, and Abigail’s finger twitched on the crossbow.

“Hardly unreasonable, with all that has occurred.” Abigail swallowed hard, trying to keep her eyes on the doe in the field beyond.

“I need you to stay focused,” he said, slightly angling her arm upwards. “Do not let your emotions cloud your judgment in the coming days.”

“I am focused.” Abigail gritted her teeth and prepared to shoot.

“Make certain. One mistake…”

Abigail let the crossbow bolt fly, but the deer sensed it at the last moment and ran.

“...and you find you have ruined everything.” Father Hobbs laid a hand on Abigail’s head, smoothing her bonnet down against her hair. “But be still, and trust in me. I will take care of us.” He shot his own bolt, striking a large hare in a nearby bush. “I will take care of *you* .”

They strode through the low ferns, arriving at the fallen hare which was still breathing, struggling against the arrow in its side. Father Hobbs picked it up gently, shushing its squirms, and handed it to her. It had eyes the same color as hers, as Cassie’s.

Abigail shook her head. “I don’t want to hurt her.”

“You must.”

At her continued hesitation, Abigail’s father wrapped his hands around hers and brought them to the hare’s neck, trapping her fingers in its soft bloody fur. “Tonight, during the meal, you are to tell Goodman Crawford that Cassandra Boyle is the woman in your dreams. There are to be no mistakes. Do you understand?” He twisted her hands, breaking the hare’s neck with a clean *snap.*

“Yes, Father.”

Will

There was something off with the meal. Not the food itself, to be sure, the rabbit was delicious, but each time Will tried to drink some of the Hobbs’ home-brewed wine, his throat closed up and the hair on his arms stood up. Father Hobbs drank the same wine with relish, closing his eyes to savor every sip. Abigail grimaced subtly when raising her cup to her lips, but drank all the same. Will did not bother to gauge Goodman Crawford’s reaction. He was not the present danger.

“Let me once again extend my thanks for this meal, Father Hobbs.” Goodman Crawford said, taking another bite of the meat. “Delicious. Did you prepare it?”

“Along with the help of Abigail, of course.” Father Hobbs wrapped an arm around the back of the young woman’s chair. “We caught the hare ourselves earlier today, Abigail was the one who killed it.”

Will saw Abigail’s fingers stutter across her knife. “Is that so?” Will murmured. “Goodman Crawford, what did the townsfolk have to say about the dismemberment of Goodman Price?”

“Little. No one saw it happen.”

Father Hobbs nodded. “As expected. The devil is crafty in his ways, and the witches he is working through will be the same.”

Will’s knife snapped agaisnt his plate. “A tragic fate, to be controlled by one so cruel. We must endeavor to *free* them quickly.”

“You have a good heart, Goodman Graham.” Father Hobbs clenched his fingers around Abigail’s chair tighter, knuckles turning white. “One of the reasons I chose you to become my apprentice. But I fear there is no freeing these servants of the devil.” He shook his head. “They have become too tightly wound in his ropes, and death is the only way to release their troubled souls now.”

Will dared another glimpse at Abigail, the rawness of her emotions almost palpable. She was staring down at her meal, fork in hand, but had been chewing the same bite for almost the

entire conversation. “Father Hobbs, I fear our unfortunate discussion may be causing your daughter discomfort. Might we move to lighter topics?”

“No!” Abigail blurted suddenly, drawing all eyes to her. “Apologies. I only mean…” Her eyes darted around the table, then back to the rabbit meat on her plate. “Do not change the conversation just yet, Goodman Graham. For last night in my dreams, the woman’s face finally became clear.” Like in the chapel, her words sounded perfectly rehearsed.

Goodman Crawford spoke up. “Well? Go on, child.”

Abigail stared past Will, her eyes fixed on an unknown point. “Cassandra Boyle. She is the one who has signed the devil’s book.”

Father Hobbs wrapped his arms around her. “I am sorry, my dear girl, that you have been tormented so long by one of our own. I swear, we will make it right.” He whispered something close in her ear that Will failed to catch, then stood with a dark fervor in his eyes. “Gentlemen, I regret to say we must end our meal early. We have a witch to hunt.”

Will turned to look at the spot Abigail had been staring at as they departed, but saw only a shelf containing an old book. *No,* he thought as he drew closer and saw the dust. *Something used to be here. Something was taken.*

Chapter End Notes

As always, shoutout to my beta reader JuiceGremlin.

Chapter 5

Will

Cassandra Boyle was a child. Not a year older than Abigail, with the same dark hair and wind-chafed skin. That was all Will had known about her until the three of them arrived at her house, greeted by her mother and brother.

“Why, Father Hobbs!” Goody Boyle fawned over the priest’s arrival, but Nicholas Boyle, the brother, was tense. “To what do we owe the honor?”

“Goody Boyle, do you know where your daughter is?” Father Hobbs spoke low and soft as if he was letting the Boyle family in on a secret.

“Well, she left the house some time ago. I assumed to go foraging, she had that bask—”

The young Goodman Boyle, deemed man of the house after his father’s passing some time ago, stepped between his mother and Father Hobbs. “Forgive me, Father, but I doubt her whereabouts are your concern.”

“I fear they are. Cassandra Boyle is suspected to be practicing witchcraft.”

Goody Boyle blanched. “Father, I assure you, my daughter has never done anything untoward in her life! She has always been moral and good and, and—”

Will stepped forward, steadying the woman. “It is alright, we want to help her, no harm will come to your daughter.”

“If she is innocent,” Father Hobbs amended.

Goody Boyle clung to Will’s arm, her face paling with every breath. “There is a meadow in the forest beyond our property. She goes there often, I have no doubt that is where she is now.”

Goodman Crawford tipped his head at the Boyles. “We appreciate your help, God be with you.”

“And with you,” Goody Boyle managed to whisper.

Will could feel Nicholas’ eyes boring into his back as the trio walked away. Their short journey through the woods surrounding their town was terse and quiet. He could taste Father Hobbs’ pulse raising as he led their group like a hound following the heady high scent of death. “We must catch her in the act,” Father Hobbs whispered, barely even pausing to brush the branches away from his face. “Then a test will not be necessary.”

“A test will always be necessary, Father,” Will practically snarled. “There is certainly a difference between playing with herbs in the woods and summoning devils. We do not yet

know if she is caught in this ‘coven’.”

Father Hobbs finally paused, the last several trees in front of him the only barrier between their trio and Cassandra Boyle. “Very well. If you feel so passionately about it, you may test her. It’s high time you learned how.” He pushed through the foliage, emerging behind the young woman.

She was writing a name on a piece of paper, a glass bottle filled with rose petals and honey in front of her, and a white candle standing on a rock nearby. The pure young hope on her face as she clutched the paper to her chest, as she kissed it and sealed it in the bottle crackled and shattered off of her face when she saw the priest.

“Cassandra Boyle,” Father Hobbs said, kneeling next to her and holding her face. “What have you done?”

Abigail

They wanted her to be present for the witch test this time. She had been the one who had seen Cassie in her dreams, after all. But Abigail had only seen the aftermath before and wasn’t sure what to expect. For example, she knew the tests happened in the potential witch’s home, but now that she was there, in the same room she had met Cassandra in the first place, it seemed cruel to her.

Of course, it hardly helped that the second Abigail had crossed the threshold into the Boyle home, Cassie had started screaming at her.

“Abigail! Abigail, tell them! Tell them it was just a game, I’m not a witch, I’m not, Abigail, TELL THEM!”

Abigail winced more at each word, hardly needing to try to portray her role as the tortured victim.

Cassandra struggled in the ropes that bound her to a chair, her mother and brother looking on in shock. “PLEASE! Abigail taught me how to do this, she showed me everything, Father Hobbs, please!”

“I know you are confused.” Father Hobbs kneeled down near her chair, stroking her hair in a manner all too familiar to Abigail. “The devil has caught you tight, but I beg of you, do not drag my daughter into this, you have hurt her so much already.”

“No, please, I would never hurt anyone, I—” Cassie’s words were dissolved by her panicked tears.

Goodman Graham grasped Father Hobbs’ shoulder, pulling him away from the chair. “Pardon me, Father. I believe you delegated the testing of this young woman to me. I would ask you to step away.”

“Very well.”

Will gestured for Abigail to come closer. “Miss Hobbs, would you please confirm Cassandra is the one who tormented you in your dreams?” His soft voice was a comfort. Abigail began to speak, but he cut her off. “Please, be sure. This accusation carries much weight.”

“I…” Abigail looked at Goodman Graham, his eyes pleading. She looked at her father, standing to the side. “Yes. Cassandra Boyle has been bid by the devil to hurt me.”

Will sighed almost imperceptibly. “Well then. Goodman Crawford, if you would?” He held his hand out for the parcel the watchman carried. He withdrew a large copy of the Bible, then addressed Cassandra in the same cautious tone he’d used on Abigail. “Do you have the Lord’s Prayer memorized?”

Cassie nodded her head eagerly. “Yes, yes! You can ask my mother, I attend mass every week.”

“Please, recite it for us.” Will flipped open to the appropriate page to contend her speech against the written words.

Abigail closed her eyes, mouthing the words along as Cassandra recited them. Her voice was breathy and shaking, but so long as she did not stutter…

“ Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this our daily bread; and forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.”

Will stood up and closed his Bible with finality. “There you have it, Father. No mistakes.” But Abigail kept her sigh of relief locked in her lungs. Her father would not allow one passed test to render Cassandra innocent. Indeed, Father Hobbs turned to Cassie’s mother and brother.

“Goodman Boyle, what livestock do you keep?”

Nicholas Boyle folded his arms. “A few, same as all the other families in town. Mostly sheep. Our herding dog just gave birth to a litter of pups.”

“That would be perfect. Do the honor of selecting one before we return.”

Goodman Boyle hesitantly nodded, and Abigail’s father turned back to Cassandra, shaking his head. “Child, I hope your prayer was not a fluke. You will need to bake a small loaf before tomorrow, exceedingly plain, except for one ingredient.”

“Yes?” Cassandra’s mother asked, wringing her hands.

“I’ll leave Goodman Graham here to instruct her on the rest, as he seems so eager to test her properly.” Father Hobbs smiled thinly at Goodman Graham, then came over to Abigail and grabbed her by the arm. “The tests resume at dawn.”

Abigail now knew she was right to delay her earlier sigh of relief. Not a single girl had ever passed the witch cake test. Her father, through her, made sure of that.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will

His claws were heavy on his hands, dry and aching for something thick to fill them. He was becoming more solid, corporeal enough that his rack of dark antlers sometimes caught on the dense tree branches instead of passing through them with nary a whisper. Still, it had been too long since he last fed, and the tugging in his gut that threatened to pull him away from the real world was getting deeper.

He winced at the memories of the thin realm he had been trapped in, his tortured essence never at rest long enough to produce the intelligent thought he knew he was capable of. Boiled down to raw rage and entrapment, a violent wind with no place to settle.

A branch snapped near him.

He looked up sharply and found himself near a home, a squat wooden structure lit only by a single oil lamp on the back porch. A young woman, holding the lamp, swallowed her tears on the steps, hacking sobs escaping her chest often.

Young. Distracted. Alone. As good a meal as any.

But no, there was more to her.

He struggled to sort through the events of this pitiful town, his memories still dim without a true connection to this realm. Though perhaps, he realized as he remembered the role the girl had played recently, he would be able to change that soon.

It was over in moments, his unnatural speed barely allowing her time to scream. His talons tore her clothes from her body, scraping her skin recklessly in his eagerness. He still had little control over his rage, but at that moment, it was a good thing. He ripped the antlered head from a slaughtered deer the family had been curing outside, then slammed the woman down on top of it. She was not dead yet, and she started to whisper.

"Our Father, who art…who art in hea-heaven," she began. A prayer. He hissed backward from the burning words. He slammed a hand down into her chest, replacing the speech in her mouth with a spurt of blood, and yanked away a handful of flesh and muscle. Again and again, he tore at her, until he found his prize.

Delicately, he lifted her lungs from their cage and dangled them over his mouth like a worm above a fish. His mouth gaped open wider than it should be able to to accept the gift, and he swallowed her lungs whole.

Immediately, he felt as if he could breathe deeper, longer. The incessant tugging faded away again, and some of his density returned. He would be able to stay, for now.

The dream released Will with a gentle touch, the soft flickering of his eyelashes at odds with the violent attack he had been witness to. He brushed sweat off his forehead and almost expected his hands to be long and clawed. How had the creature been able to infiltrate his dreaming world? Was Will now too comfortable in its mind, too close to the beast? He shuddered at the notion.

He thought back to the test the day before, at Cassandra's humiliated face when he told her she would need to include her own urine in the witch cake.

But now, Will thought with horror, finally realizing who the girl in the dream was. *It doesn't matter. Cassandra Boyle is dead.*

He dashed out of his humble room, hardly pausing to throw on his cloak over his nightclothes. He had to get there first, before Father Hobbs or Goodman Crawford or anyone else. *To try and control the situation,* he told himself. *To help, somehow.*

But there was a small squashed part of Will that hoped the demon was still there.

Abigail

She took winding side paths and thorny ways around the outskirts of the village to reach the Boyle home, scurrying and twisting the cloth bag in her hands. Not a soul could see her, and that was the only way this could be done. Abigail had used the contents of this cloth bag before, three times, and memories of dogs frothing at the mouth and cats hissing as their own bodies turned against them overlapped in her mind.

It was not long before she arrived in the woods behind Cassandra Boyle's home, and she crept to the barn, calling out quietly for the pups to come and greet her. How was she to know which one the cake would be fed to tomorrow? No matter, she would simply tell her father whichever one she had selected. He would make certain all went to plan.

Everything always went according to his plans.

Abigail bit her lip as the litter of pups came bounding around her feet, she shushed them and tried to decide which one to poison. *It does not matter,* she told herself, squeezing her eyes shut and reaching down at random. *Just pick one!*

She lifted the innocent dog, who playfully batted at one of her loose bonnet strings. "Shhh, shh," Abigail said and removed a packed ball of herbs from the sack. The pup ate it far too eagerly, unknowing that it would take effect shortly after dawn.

The smell finally hit her.

Something was wrong, something was terribly wrong.

Abigail dropped the pup and covered her nose against the all-too-familiar smell of gore, scanning the dark estate. She was forced to light her lantern and took fearful steps towards a large silhouette near the porch.

“Oh, Lord,” she breathed, dropping to her knees in shock. The rest of the prayer died on her lips.

A stag’s head, its antlers glistening red.

A girl who looked too much like herself, missing most of her torso.

Silent ravens, too intent on finishing the meal something else had started to caw at one another.

The demon had struck again.

A hand fell on Abigail’s shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a little shorter than normal, so I apologize for that. Hope you enjoy!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Do I have a good excuse for not updating in years? No :)
I just needed something to clear out the good omens brainrot after season 2 and forced myself to come back to work on this
also this section is really really short and hasn't been beta-read but oh well
enjoy your crumbs

Abigail

“We have not the time to mourn her death,” Will Graham whispered in the dark. It had been his hand that startled her, and now he raised it shyly away from her. “And we cannot be found here together with her.”

Abigail peered again into the night. The meadow should have been called tranquil, but the silhouette of Cassandra’s body mounted on antlers loomed. “You are correct, Goodman Graham. It is dangerous to be seen here. I—I have to…” What? What did she need to do? “I have to tell my father.”

Goodman Graham’s form went stiff behind her. “Very well. I should tell Watchmen Crawford. There may be more yet to discover here.” He began to walk away.

“Wait!” Abigail called out, and scooped up the poisoned puppy. He was still quite active, but she knew that would change soon. She had seen Goodman Graham take in strays from the woods before. He came closer and took the puppy expertly from his hands. “He needs olive oil,” she blurted out. “Until he vomits. Th-there’s no need for the poison anymore.”

He looked up from the dog. “Poison?”

“I thought you had known. It seemed like it.”

“Hmm. Perhaps a part of me did. I will care for him, Abigail.”

He left again, squirming creature in arm, and Abigail left the meadow the opposite direction towards her father’s home. It was not until the sun came up and word spread quickly that Abigail would realize Goodman Graham’s words were true.

There was no time to mourn Cassandra Boyle.

Not when the entire town was swarming around the Boyle homestead like the very ravens that feasted upon her body. Not when Goodman Boyle seemed to stare at Abigail from every

corner. Not when her father had his hand clenched on her shoulder tight enough to make it fill with needles and pins, the uncertainty on his face scaring her more than his anger ever could.

She was fated to die anyhow, Abigail forced herself to think. *She does not have to suffer the humiliation planned for her any longer. Be grateful, and survive what comes next.*

Survive.

"Father," she whispered, "what are we to do?" He would have a plan, he always had a plan for them.

But he said nothing, staring at the grotesque display of Cassandra Boyle. The uncertainty marring his brow turned to horror, and grief. *He is angry for* her, Abigail realized. *She did not die by his hand, so he sees it as true murder.*

"Father," she said again, "you…you do know what to do?"

He finally shook out of his reverie and stood in front of her, taking her face in his hands. "Abigail. I love you. You know this, do you not?"

"I…" Was this love? She was alive. He wanted to kill her, she knew this, and he had not. Was that love? Her father's eyes were so desperate, his gray eyes shining. Abigail had never seen him like this before.

"I know," she said quietly.

"I will fix this," he said, and wrapped her in his arms. "I will make it all go away." Father Hobbs turned to face the crowd, his eyes once again finding Cassie.

He took off his cloak, flapped it a few times to scare away the ravens, and tucked it gently around her eviscerated, naked form. Save Goody Boyle's agonizing sobs, the crowd was silent, dripping from Father's Hobbs' every word. But his speech did not carry the same fervor that it usually did, the cold calculated fury evaporated. Instead, his words were filled with the same fearful ache that he had used to speak to her just moments ago.

"I know you are scared. *I* am scared."

Those words had never come out of her father's mouth.

"It was not yet known if young Cassandra Boyle was a witch, but her death proves to us that this evil will target any and all without hesitation. I did not want this to happen. I did not want her to be a witch, I—" His fingers trembled over her eyes, closing them. "I thought of her as another daughter. I cared for her, as I care for all of you. And she was stolen away from me.

"I have failed all of you. I have treated this like a child's game, I have put my own needs above yours. I have dismissed questions and outcries, I have ignored what is in front of me. But I swear," he said, the zeal returning to his eyes. "I will not make the same mistake again. I swear on the holy tenants I am bound to, I will bring this to an end. One way or another."

Abigail shook as the crowd cheered, willing her legs to run.

She had been wrong.

Her father did love her, but he would kill her anyway.

The strange feeling that had come over her during her last spell returned, stronger this time. It did not take control of her body, but spoke into her mind with velvet. *You were always fated to die by your father's hand,* it said, turning her thoughts back towards her. *Perhaps you will not have to suffer the humiliation planned for you.*

The presence leaked away, trailing off, leaving Abigail feeling more vulnerable than before.

"No." she said to herself. "No."

The crowd continued to cheer at her father's words. Amidst their jostling, she slowly slipped to the back, disappearing like she had done at Elise Nichol's execution. She ran into the woods, not sparing a second chance to the rest of her father's speech.

The entity must have realized she was following it, because it flowed through the trees faster. Abigail did not know how she could sense it, reaching out with that same thin-string part of her she used when she performed magic. There was nothing to see, exactly, but the temperature and texture of the very air seemed to warp where it was. Birds stopped singing when it drew too near to them. Whatever the being was, Abigail knew it was very old and very powerful. But there was no better hunter than her father.

And he had taught her all he knew.

These woods were *hers.*

Every log she leapt over and low branch she dodged reminded her of this, urged her on faster and faster. The entity's speed wasn't as consistent, it *stuck* in a few places as if it was shifting between shadow and flesh. It was not long before she had circled around in front of it, and before it could turn away, she had reached into one of the emergency pouches she carried and spun around it, dumping the contents as she went. If anything was going to work, a salt circle would.

She closed the circle, panting hard with blood singing.

No matter what form the thing took, the horrors it showed her, Abigail vowed to stand fast until her questions had been answered and her thirst satiated.

Abigail was done running.

End Notes

Hey all,
Thanks for reading. This is my first fic ever, so any feedback is appreciated.
I'm linking the fic playlist here; it's quite short right now but I want to add more so any suggestions are welcomed.
https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5nMRARAFeDVIZza6egKRfx?si=bb16660bf321438f

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!